

**"DEATH,
DANGER and
DIAMONDS"**

Renegade
Press

MAX COLLINS and TERRY BEATTY'S

Ms. TREE 3-D

1
AUG
250
IN CANADA
200
IN U.S.



SPECIAL GUEST
MIKE MIST

SEE THIS COVER
IN **3-D** ACTION
INSIDE!

**FREE
3-D** SPECS
WITH EVERY
COMIC!



A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER



As you can see, this issue of **Ms. Tree** is a bit, oh, different. The idea of doing a 3D issue, out of the sequence of the **Ms. Tree** storyline, came up not long after **AVin3D** was published. There are a lot of reasons to do a 3D book, and I imagine that both the interest in planning a 3D book (the kinds of fun things you can do with 3D are endless) and the idea of introducing the book and its characters to a new audience are motivating factors. I know that as the time drew closer for this issue to come out, the excitement was growing with Max, Terry, myself, and Ray Zone. You may remember Ray's name from **AVin3D**, for he is the master of 3D. In fact, if you are a 3D fan, and have bought any number of the several 3D projects that have hit the comic market in the last year, you've probably seen his handiwork before.

I just have to, with a bit of pride, point out the backgrounds in this issue. Gary Kato, who assists Terry, really knocked himself out this issue. Terry told me that besides the art chores on the book, Gary (who lives in Hawaii) spent a lot of time photographing his home territory for Terry. He also spent a lot of extra time on the book to ensure that everything in it looks authentic. It's a wonderful job, Gary. Now when do I get to come and write an editorial from Hawaii?

In my trips around Los Angeles this month, I began noticing a new crop of billboards. Now, in a city as entertainment-oriented as L.A., there is always a constant barrage of billboards advertising a studio's latest movie or some record company's hot new album. The fact is, after a month or so of living here, I got so used to them that they became part of the background. These billboards, however, were not advertising the "local talent." They were advertising missing children. Some were advertising the same two boys, in fact, that were advertised in **Ms. Tree** #16. I wish I could say that soon after this they were found, but the sad truth is that the number of faces showing up on billboards has increased since we ran that ad in the runaways issue. If these billboards are in your town, take the time for a good long look. If you see someone suspicious hanging around your neighborhood, report it. This is not the time to hang back—a boy's life may depend upon your willingness to get involved. Think about a younger brother, or sister, or a cousin you have. Who is to say they aren't as vulnerable?

Next issue we will be returning to our continuing story-line in **Ms. Tree**, as Max and Terry conclude the Muerta tale. I will warn you that the next few issues are going to contain events that will lead to Michael starting to feel all the pigeons come home to roost. There are repercussions for all the "work" **Ms. Tree**'s taken on herself lately. Even private detectives have to pay the bill, sooner or later. But right now, let's see how **Ms. Tree** and Mike Mist fare against a most deadly team of con artists in a story filled with Death, Danger, and Diamonds. Read on . . .

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Ms. TREE

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MIST-TREE

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by MAX COLLINS
& TERRY BEATTY

ART ASSIST AND LETTERING: GARY KATO

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CHAPTER ONE

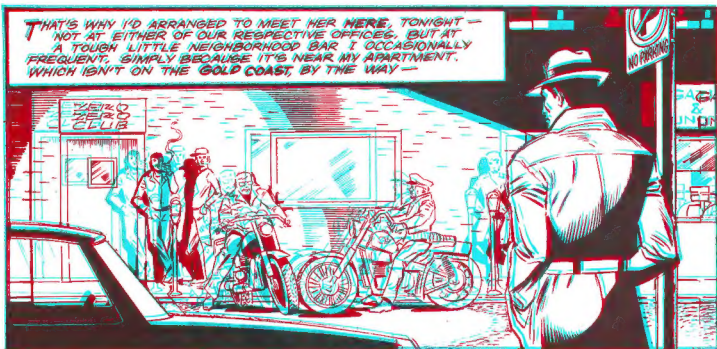
DEAR DEAD DARLING

THE NAME IS MIST. MIKE MIST. I HAVE
A LITTLE ONE-MAN AGENCY—
NOTHING SO ELABORATE AS THAT
FANCY SUITE OF OFFICES HOUSING
TREE INVESTIGATIONS, INC.

BUT I CAN UNDERSTAND
MS. TREE'S SUCCESS;
SHE HAS A
REPUTATION FOR GETTING
THINGS DONE —
HER OWN WAY —



THAT'S WHY I'D ARRANGED TO MEET HER HERE, TONIGHT — NOT AT EITHER OF OUR RESPECTIVE OFFICES, BUT AT A TOUGH LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD BAR I OCCASIONALLY FREQUENT, SIMPLY BECAUSE IT'S NEAR MY APARTMENT, WHICH ISN'T ON THE GOLD COAST, BY THE WAY —



I WAS EARLY, BECAUSE I WAS MEETING SOMEONE ELSE, FIRST —



DAMNIT, MIKE — YA MADE ME MISS MY SHOT!

YOU'RE NOT MUSTANG THE LOCALS, I HOPE.



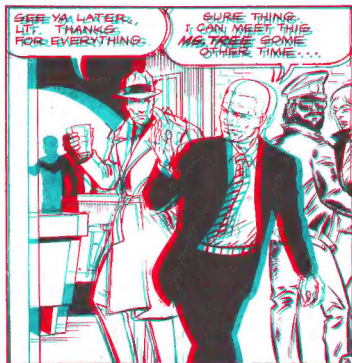
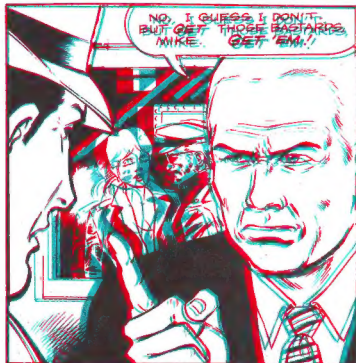
"HARDLY. THIS LOOKS LIKE THE JOINT IN THAT MOVIE WHERE THEY BROKE PAUL NEWMAN'S HANDS. HANG OUT HERE MUCH, MIKE?"



NOT MUCH. WHAT'S THE WORD?

D.A. SAYS NIX. NO WAY WE CAN PROSECUTE, AND YOUR FRIENDS HOPPED A JET THIS MORNING.

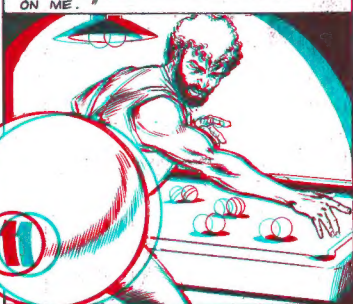




"BESIDES, YOUR LITTLE NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN LOOKS ABOUT READY TO EXPLODE, MIKE —"



"— AND THEN I'D HAVE TO GET OUT MY BADGE AND EARN SOME OF THAT MONEY THE TAXPAYERS HAVE BEEN LAVISHIN' ON ME."



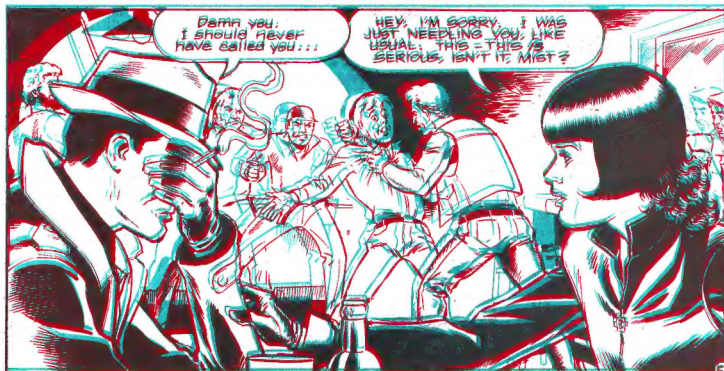
HEY, MAMA — YOU AIN'T GOIN' IN THAT DEN OF NICOTINE ALONE, ARE YA? LET ME BE YOUR BODYGUARD —

NOT IF THE SPECIES DEPENDS ON IT. BY THE WAY, YOUR HARLEYS LEAKING OIL.



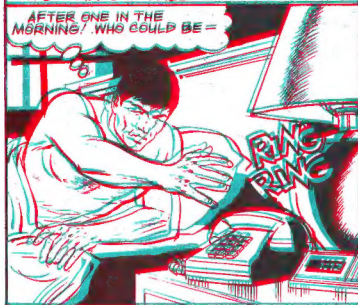
WES. THREE!
OVER
HERE —





"YES, IT IS. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY, MS. TREE. LIKE THE MAN SAID - IT'S SAD, BUT TRUE -"

AFTER ONE IN THE MORNING! WHO COULD BE -



MIKE, DON'T BE MAD. PLEASE! DON'T BE MAD - IT'S CLARISSE - I NEED HELP -

"I HADN'T HEARD FROM CLARISSE IN OVER A YEAR - SHE'D BEEN MIXED UP IN A CONFIDENCE GAME, WHEN I FIRST RAN ACROSS HER -"

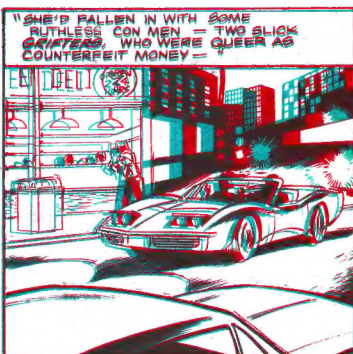
"I FELL FOR HER. HOOK, LINE AND... WELL, SHE MOVED IN WITH ME. SHE WAS GOING TO GO STRAIGHT - BUT I STARTED TALKING MARRIAGE TOO SOON. I GUESS, AND, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE -"



"THIS WAS OUR FIRST CONTACT SINCE. AND NOW HERE SHE WAS AGAIN - SCARED."

MIKE, TAKE ME WITH YOU. HIDE ME. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME -

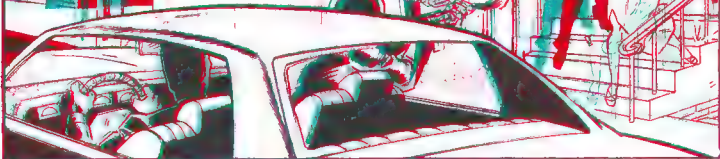






"I CONVINCED HER TO GO TO THE COPS — WE WERE HEADING OUT TO MY CAR, WHEN —

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



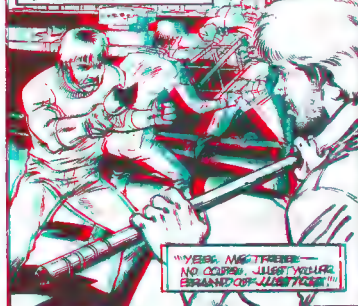
"I DIDN'T EVEN GET A SHOT OFF AT THEM. THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR — NYLONS-AG-MASKS DISTORTED THEIR FACES, AS SEVERAL WITNESSES REPORTED. BUT WE KNEW WHO HAD DONE IT. DEAR DEAD CLARISSE AND I...



CLARISSE HAD TOLD ME BERT AND ERNIE'S NEXT SCAM WAS GOING DOWN IN HAWAII. SHE GAVE ME THE DETAILS.



"YOU WANT MY HELP TO GET THESE RATS, I TAKE IT."



"YEAH, MISTRESS — NO COURSE, JUST YELLER, EXPLAINED OFF JULET TIGER."

SOUNDS LIKE FUN. LET'S MOP UP HERE, A BIT, SO WE CAN FINISH OUR CONVERSATION IN PEACE —

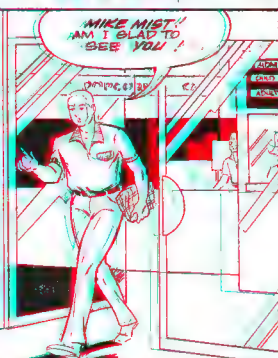
OR PIECES. I'LL TAKE THE LITTLE GUY WITH THE ICE PICK —



CONTINUED IN THIS ISSUE —

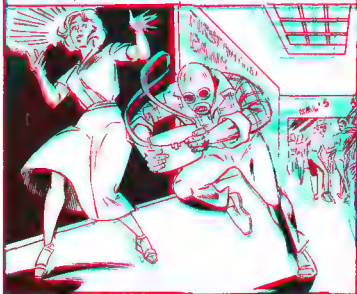
Ms. TREE "MIST-TREE" *tells in* TREE'D







"I WAS JUST ACROSS FROM THE BANK WHEN I SAW IT — THE GUY WAS WEARIN' A *SKI MASK* —"



"I CHASED HIM, BUT LOST HIM WHEN HE ROUNDED THE CORNER — I *THINK* HE DUCKED INTO THE THEATER, HERE —"



"YOU'RE NOT *SURE*?"

NO — JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMEBODY THAT *MIGHT*'VE BEEN HIM, BUT HE HAD THE *MASK OFF* —

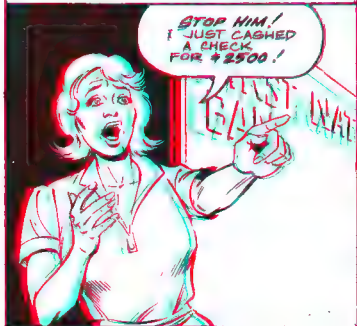


AND WHEN I LOOK AROUND, TRYING TO *SPOT* HIM, I FIND *THESE* ON THE FLOOR, IN THE AISLE OF THEATER 2 —



"THE THIEF DIDN'T PICK A *RANDOM* TARGET, EITHER — GUY'S A *PRO*! —"

STOP HIM!
I JUST CASHED A CHECK FOR \$2500!



WELL, WE KNOW HE'S IN *HERE* — A MAN ALONE — ANY CHANCE YOU CAN MAKE HIM?

MAYBE — GOTTA TRY, ANYWAY — BACK ME UP, YOU TWO...





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"MIST-TREE"

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& TERRY BEATTY

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CHAPTER TWO

HAWAIIAN ICE

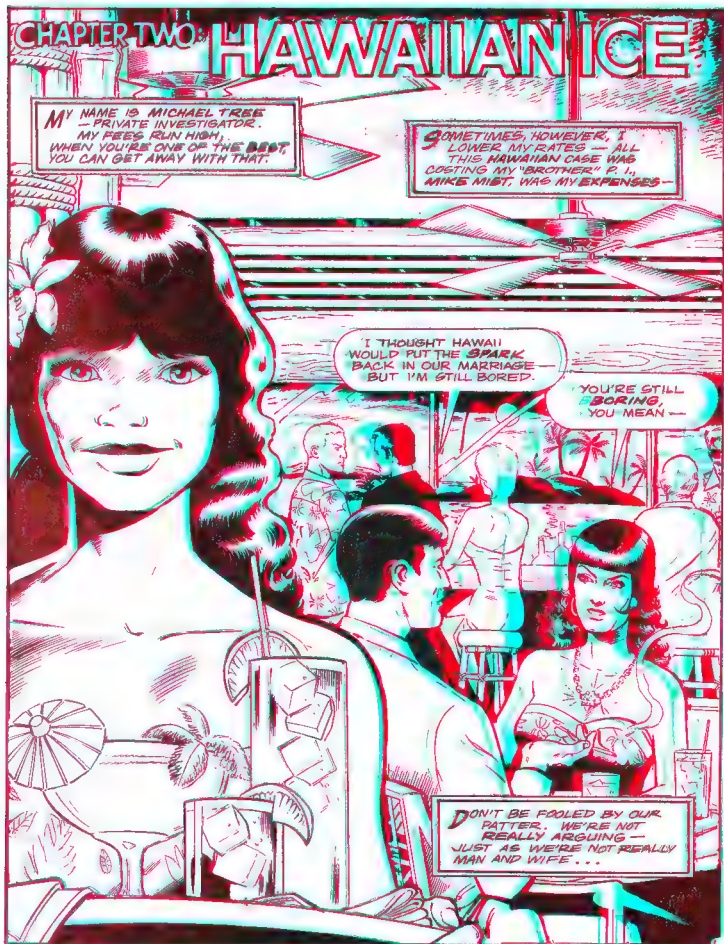
MY NAME IS MICHAEL TREE
— PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
MY FEES RUN HIGH,
WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST,
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THAT.

SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, I
LOWER MY RATES — ALL
THIS HAWAIIAN CASE WAS
COSTING MY "BROTHER" P. I.,
MIKE MIST, WAS MY EXPENSES —

I THOUGHT HAWAII
WOULD PUT THE SPARK
BACK IN OUR MARRIAGE —
BUT I'M STILL BORED.

YOU'RE STILL
BORING,
YOU MEAN —

DON'T BE FOOLED BY OUR
PATTER. WE'RE NOT
REALLY ARGUING —
JUST AS WE'RE NOT REALLY
MAN AND WIFE...



THOSE JEWELS WEREN'T REAL, EITHER,
BY THE WAY. BUT—LIKE MIST AND ME
—THEY WERE ATTRACTIVE FAKES.

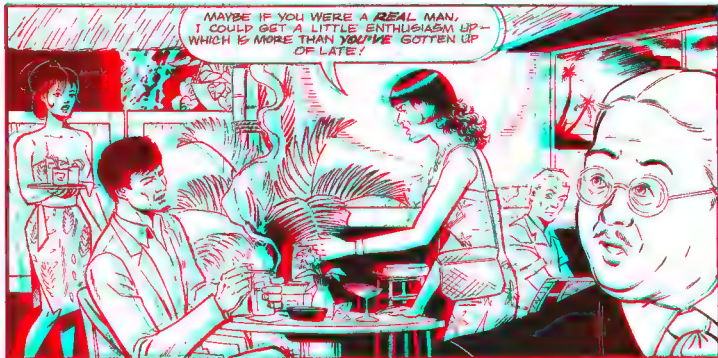


YOU'RE THE
DULLEST MAN ALIVE—

AT LEAST I'M NOT ON THE PERPETUAL RAG!
THE LAST TIME YOU WERE IN GOOD MOOD
WAS THE NIGHT YOUR THIRD HUSBAND DIED!



MAYBE IF YOU WERE A REAL MAN,
I COULD GET A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM UP—
WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'VE GOTTEN UP
OF LATE!



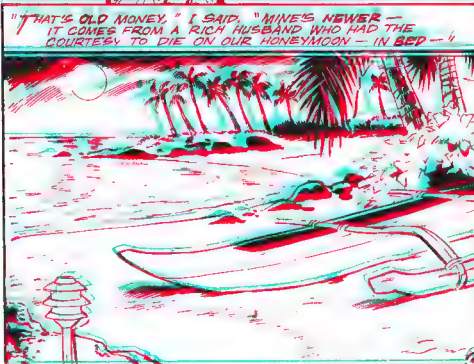
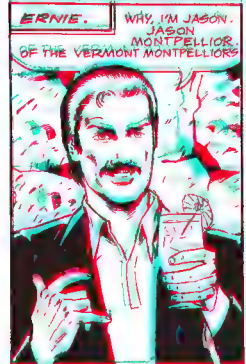
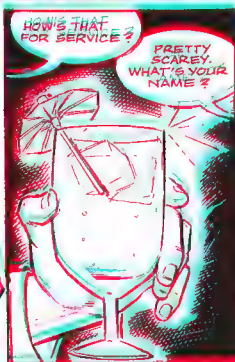
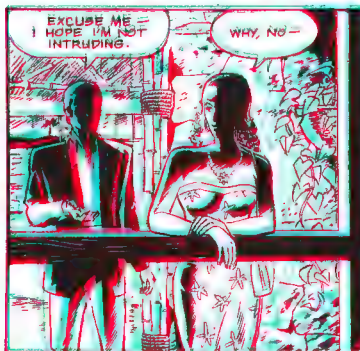
AS I EXITED ANGRILY,
SWITCHING MY HIPS LIKE
A HULA GIRL ON SPEED...

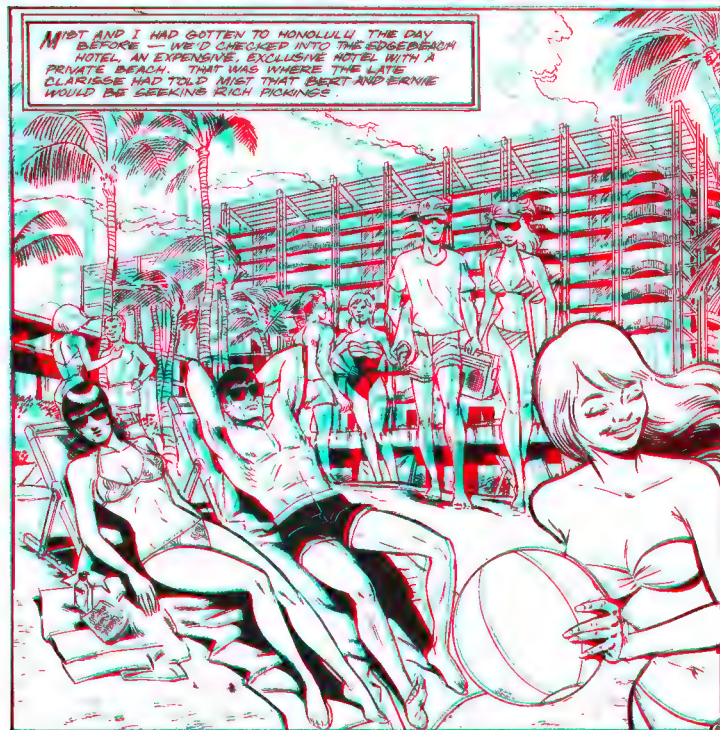
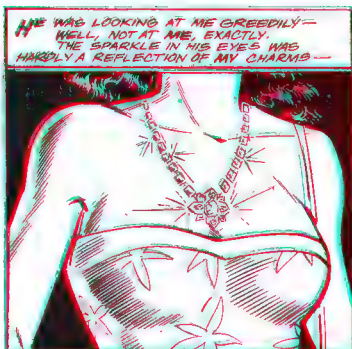


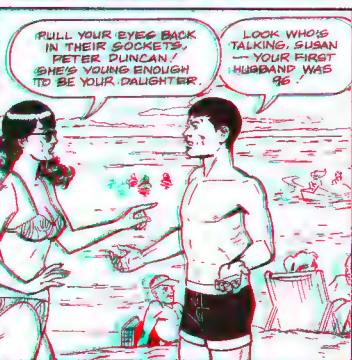
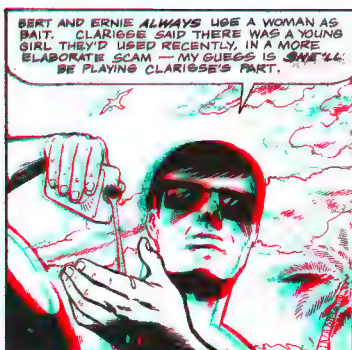
... THREE PAIRS OF EYES WERE
WATCHING FROM THE BAR—
TWO BIRDS OF PREY AND
THEIR PRETTY NEW WORM.





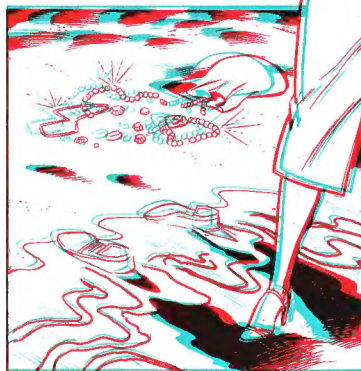












NEXT MONTH

Renegade

MAX COLLINS and
TERRY BEATTY'S

21

200
IN CANADA
170
IN U.S.

Ms. TREE™

DIE!
DIE!
DIE!

